

AFTER THE STORM

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WELL, AS I SIT DOWN BEFORE
bedtime, to see if there is any writing on
my mind, I can just discern a beginning
idea, which I would like to share. The
Good Lord, it would seem, works, by a
'system of tactile sensations, and gentlest
persuasions...' *He guides me into my stall...*
I'm a wild horse. I think, that our most

tender hair follicles, in our nose, and ears, and around our eyes, become the tapestry, of most sensitive nerve endings, upon which the days puzzles and enigmas are worked out... by which our wills are tested... *and through which we find renewal and release.* **The Good Lord guides me into the places where I belong.** I'm really feeling a bad migraine this evening, so my follicles are throbbing... the chilly air in this room is acting on my hair shafts, and such downward atmospheric pressure, *in the hands of a many fold God head, is the ruler of my world.* I'll be very glad when this soreness passes. At any rate, I

sometimes wonder if I'll be able to solve the mysteries that vex me. *I'll sometimes travel too far, and think too hard, and only just am able to see the answer.* At any rate, it's the next morning, and I am sitting here, with this blue tooth keyboard on my lap, connected to my smart device, and peering within the surfaces of the new day. As nearly all of me is trying to move along, and see a new day, as a good new beginning, and get with that, I'm glad to get unto some new writing. But, one of the things that my mind is still reflective of, is the civil liberties discourse in America. *'I want to have this,'* and *'I want to have*

that...' well, if I've got the money, *'I'll just go out and purchase it.'* But, shouldn't certain types of purchases be scrutinized? Shouldn't we have a 'firearm purchase database?' and try to keep track of these weapons that are sold to people? Well, this concern is in the front of my mind, this morning, because of the recent mass shooting seventy miles south of here. *So this just should give my reader an idea, of the types of things which are on my mind this morning.* I love writing for this journal, and appreciating the amazing way my typist hands both 'lead, and are led,' through the creation of a new article. This

is all good. But, I also feel resistant to just moving along, with the main flowing of time, and forget the events of one week ago. *Nevertheless, this is what I am given to do.* Because I feel fine this morning... I was up early, but not too early, and got my shower, and cleaned the bathroom, and then got right to this article, which is like one of my babies. I have other babies. *At any rate, my latest piano album, and some illustrative sketching I got done, this past week, come to mind. And, there's the writing for this journal.* So, the weeks events, are just on my mind... they're a facet of the present. I'll be moving

Monday, and am just going to trust God, that He will smooth the details out, of this move, and let me get settled in the new place. The Good Lord is on it, I tell myself, and will be glad to just get out of this temporary arrangement. So, these thoughts are on my mind, as well. My region is putting pieces back together, this morning, in other ways, as well... as the bad remnants of hurricane Helene have moved up through our states, and are now dissipating in the Mid Atlantic states. *Well, this storm, I've read, this morning, caused 'dozens' of deaths, and a lot of property damage.* So, this, as well, is the

big news of our morning. I try to attend to what needs attending to, first, before resting, and recreational activities. Most people are this way. So, I would imagine, that a lot of people have got their work cut out for them, today, and are trying to assess damage, and, probably in many cases, make lists on paper, of what things will need replacing, or repairing, and of any materials which will be needed, to accomplish this. Well, at any rate, I'm given this good writer's voice, and can 'crank out some work,' but on a morning like this one, there are definitely things 'on my mind,' as well. I'll be relieved to see

the others getting their hobbies and interests back going, after any reflection, or delving into what has been damaged, or destroyed, or lost altogether, *as in a dozen or more lives, which will be grieved, by parents, sons and daughters, and relatives in general.* But, we fared well. No damage on our street, or losses of that nature. I just, for the sake of, I guess, authenticity, sometimes recap the recent week, or in other cases, the recent few weeks, so that my reader will then definitely then have a glimpse into our lives, and times, as a journalistic essay might just be. Yes, I'm fine here, in my group, but east of here,

and south, in south Georgia, I think, especially, there was damage, and loss. At any rate, having a writer's voice is a gift of some enormity. *One wants to give an accurate mirroring, in other words, one's mirror must be clean and clear of impurities, to get a good and relevant accounting.* At any rate, having the gift of a new article to work upon is a gift and a privilege. I just don't want to be an imposition on my neighbor. From years of careful consideration, and investigation, I have grown to see, how, among poor or working class peoples, *anyone from these classes would love to have just some of the*

sense of purpose, and meaning which having a fully formed media development course brings... it always helps to reassure and reinforce how, just with rudimentary tools, and appliances, like a pen and notebook, or a working typewriter, and paper, you can easily get a life's work done. I've also seen numberless times before, how, you can equip a person with tools, instruments, and appliances... but, without inner direction, and motivation, and gumption to get work done, nothing at all will happen. If the person is at the time of his or her life when he's just 'gliding, and basking in the light of a friendly sunn,'

any amount of encouragement will go right past him or her, *and he'll be much more interested in his food and drink, and napping, than in getting works onto paper... this will always be so true.* At any rate, you can see my thoughts, this morning, because they are written out onto this word processor screen, like this. I have a good strategy in getting writing like this going, because, simply, *such is like an elite privilege, and I know to make the leap from passive to active, any time opportunity presents itself.* This I guess is the reason for my life satisfaction, and well being, these days. You may have voices of

discontentment, or disagreement from any given home family, but the wise one will know to apply his or her talents in any good way he knows how... any time he can... *because this done right, builds life contentment, and sense of well being. This will definitely keep your voice out of the complainers group.* If you can't seem to find life satisfaction, it would be advisable for you to inn vest into your local culture, through ways of writing thoughts out, or playing music, or artistic expression... sketching or painting. We've got a sunny day, with lots of high hazy clouds. We're at the day after a bad weather system crossed

our region, and many many people are going through clean up, and repair. *Several dozen people died, from that weather, yesterday.* So, we're really counting our blessings, and getting along into a new week, and new month. Oktoberfest is around the corner, now, *and I'm greatly anticipating the first frosts, and changing foliage colors.* Anyways, I can see that this writing is somewhat coming unto its logical conclusion. I use my acquired ability to construct an effective essay style written discourse, and have a seg way into this flourish at the end, and my part four, of this book is along on its

way... *I've roll started it, to this conclusion of the second article, in this set.*

Well, I'll bring this writing to a close, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.